

Kite – Tom Brando

Quit playing, quit playing
Those wicked games
It hurts me to the core
Quit running, quit running
Away from me
You'll end up in other arms
I don't want to play anymore
I don't want to play anymore
I don't want to play anymore
I don't want to play anymore
Love for me, love to me
Is a pair of wings
And to you is a pair of rings
I gave you flowers, I gave you flowers
And uncountable hours
Did it mean anything to you?
I don't want to play anymore
I don't want to play anymore
I don't want to play anymore
I don't want to play anymore
Ballerina, ballerina
You've fell off beat
My heart can't keep up
With the pace your in
Slow down, slow down for me now
Or may I end this dance alone?
I am tired of fighting
I am sick of crying
I need some time on my own
I am tired of fighting
I am sick of crying
I need some time on my own
Like a kite on a sandstorm
Our love still flying now
I don't even know how

With a broken string and no direction home
With a broken string and no direction home



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych